

The Evening World

Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 55 to 57 Park Row, New York.
Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

VOLUME 46, NO. 18,072.

MR. MURPHY'S ASSESSMENT.

Comment is made that the Good Ground assessors have valued at \$25,000 for purposes of taxation the country place of Charles F. Murphy for which he paid \$44,000 and has since added to its value by costly improvements. If this were an isolated case it might be assumed that this low assessment was due to Mr. Murphy's political power or some other improper reason. It is not likely that this is the fact.

Comparatively little property, either real or personal, is assessed at its full value. Even such a just tax as the new stock transfer tax does not take into account the many stocks which sell away above par, and at times of high Wall street valuations as at present no higher tax is paid than when values are lower. The mortgage and collateral inheritance taxes are about the only ones which are imposed on the actual value.

The estates of the dead are appraised at their market value. Mortgages are taxed on their face, which is the same as their real value. Other property, whether real or personal, is assessed on a haphazard system, and taxes on it are not justly levied. Only the inheritances from the dead and the real-estate debts of the living contribute to the public treasury without discrimination.

The basic injustice of the present system of assessment gives an excuse to many for tax perjury and evasion. If some property is assessed at less than its real value the owners of other property strive by this means or that to avoid paying their full share. When the tax assessors fail to perform their known duty as public officials to assess all taxable property at its full value taxpayers find ready pretenses for adding to the official injustice.

The present system of real-estate assessment is almost as unjust as the present personal tax methods. Some rural boards of assessors make only nominal assessments of personal property. That has the unique merit of uniformity in injustice.

The real-estate assessments are never nominal, but always unequal. Speculative unimproved property pays less taxes than it should and well-appearing improved property is unfairly penalized. Assessors judge too much by appearances instead of salable values. They are loth to increase assessments to keep pace with higher prices. Such practices not only keep up the tax rate and levy unduly on settled property, but they put a premium on speculative holdings and discourage improvements.

With the great demand for more homes in New York and its suburbs the policy of all public officials should be to encourage the building up of every foot of land available to New York's crowded population.

Letters from the People.

Reply to Disgusted Girl.

To the Editor of The Evening World: "Disgusted Girl" must not believe everything she hears. Men are not as serious or dangerous when they "make love," and, as a necessity thereto, "act like calves." They are merely struggling to maintain her friendship. A discourse upon any intelligible theme is impossible with the average girl. Caution and reserve is demanded, and no man can stoop to a meaningless show of affection without claiming kinship to the most idiotic calf that ever slipped about for sheer foolishness. A CALF.

Another Man's View.

To the Editor of The Evening World: No, men are not idiots because they make love to a woman, as "Disgusted Girl" thinks. Platonic love? Bah! Who would care for a woman who makes that claim, when there is a whole world full of nice girls willing and anxious to be loved?

DISGUSTED BOY.

The Police and Wagon Drivers.

To the Editor of The Evening World: While standing at the corner of Broadway and Thirty-sixth street the other day at about 4:30, when the down-pour was at its height, I noticed a driver of an automobile delivery wagon coming through Thirtieth street to pass into and down Broadway. On account of the slippery pavement the machine slid, and the driver, in an effort to avoid a collision, was forced to fall out of the machine and therefore pass the officer on

the downtown side. The officer violently "called him down." I think these drivers should be shown a little more consideration on wet days when it is impossible to bring a machine to a halt in a short distance. It is difficult enough to comply with the traffic rules of today without, when making an error, to be approached and "called down." E. E. M.

Rockefeller's Prayer.

To the Editor of The Evening World: The audacity of John D. Rockefeller makes me tired. He prays for more charity and patience to men, etc., and that men may be more charitable. Now, if I could offer my little petition along with Mr. Rockefeller I would like with Mr. Rockefeller's permission for a little corner in heaven where I could end my days after I am through with this earth. S. R. CAZIM.

Ammonia Guns for "Cheestnuts."

To the Editor of The Evening World: Is it not possible to enact a law to hang or electrocute the simple-minded, empty-headed idiots who cannot see a camera without making the following remark: "Look out or that face will break your camera!" and "Oh, are you having your picture taken for the 'Rogues' Gallery'?" My advice to photographers is to carry an ammonia gun and shoot it above the heads of those idiots who yell those old "cheestnuts" when they see a camera. PHOTOGRAPHER.

In the Good Old Summer Time! By J. Campbell Cory.



A Trio of Oddities.

A CHINAMAN carrying a ladder walked into one of the police courts in Singapore the other day. Removing his hat he bowed with grace to the Judge on the bench. Over the latter's seat was a valuable clock. This John Chinaman quietly removed, tucked it under one arm and the ladder under the other, bowed again to the magistrate and withdrew. Some days elapsed and the clock was not returned. It had been stolen while the court was sitting.

Here are a pair of this season's golf stories imported from England. A golfer drove a low ball over a river and a salmon jumped at it with such vigor that it jumped right out on the bank and was secured with the golf ball in its mouth. Another player killed a "lark" with a golf ball in his morning routine and another with the same ball in his afternoon routine. A traveler returned from India relates that at Andarkoh, in Central India, he killed four full-grown tigers with five shots in less than six minutes, the first three being single shots.

Is Woman Woman's Foe?

WOMEN are, as a rule, far more fine, far more human—or shall I say humane?—in their dealings with our sex than in their dealings with their own. I think that even the best and noblest of women are often quite oddity, almost inexplicably, cruel toward members of their own sex. Ready to stand up for their sex as a whole, to defend it warmly, even violently, when it comes to a question of individual down go the thumbs with a question of individuality which are quite puzzling to the men.

If I, as a man, praise woman, the sex, to a woman, I find my praise welcomed smilingly, and probably agreed with. But if I praise a particular woman to another woman, instantly comes either the faintly despairing remark, or, if not that, the wondering question, "You really think so?" Often it ends with that. I have said something enthusiastic about a woman's talent or a woman's goodness—not a woman's beauty or a woman's perfect dressing; I am not so foolishly judicious as to do that—and the reply is: "You really think so?" Then I feel, what I no doubt am, a great fool.

By Robert Hichens.

Often and often have women damped the fire of my enthusiasm for their sister women, left me wondering whether I had mistaken mere talent for genius, or, worse, mistaken subtlety for genuine virtue. I am not joking. I am writing seriously, says Robert Hichens in the Chicago Tribune. It is women who make me doubt about women not men. It is women who hint to us that we are fools to be "so easily taken in." It is women who tell us, with a little laugh and a shrug of the shoulders, that "she'd never have dared to say so to a woman, because she'd have known that it would have been seen through directly." It is women who "imply" that "those airs of virtue were put on for your benefit with her last new gown from Worth." And half the time, in spite of woman's lack of esprit de corps, we men persist in crediting the sex with these many virtues which for all the smiles and the shrugs of women—it possesses. Personally, I agree with Miss Cornell that the virtues have even been divided—the virtues, not the talents—and that woman has more than man. But one virtue that we men have I think woman lacks, and that is esprit de corps. Let women give us a lead. Let them begin to speak well of each other. Let them even be ready to say, if it be true, "That woman's hat suits her better than my hat suits me." Then they will guide us up out of our mire, perhaps. They will lift us a little nearer to themselves—the angels!

Matrimonial Conundrums.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

DEAR Miss Greeley-Smith: Should a man of twenty-five, who has led a somewhat dissipated life, seek introduction to an educated girl of twenty-four (whose life has been all one could desire in every particular) with a view to marriage? Should a man marry a girl who is his inferior intellectually, but his equal or superior in every other way? Should a man marry a girl from a luxurious country home when his income will allow of nothing better than a \$35 flat in New York City? Is it not more conducive to matrimonial bliss to give your wife \$50 than to accept \$500 from her? L. B. H.

THESE are four very interesting questions. And the answer to all of them is, emphatically, YES. A girl of twenty-four generally has sense enough to realize that it is better to marry a man with a past than one with a future, and that her choice is limited to one or the other. Of course the tolerance she will display toward it will be determined largely by the past's color. If it is of a vague, gentlemanly, misty gray she will forget all about it; but if it is one of those lurid, flamboyant things she is justified in turning the owner of it down, on the plea of bad taste if for no other reason. For a gentleman's past, like his tie or his waistcoat, must be unobtrusive.

In an ideal state of society, perhaps, he would not have any past. But the older we get the more we learn from our own shortcomings the lesson of tolerance toward others and that the fates offer us their best gift of love, as, when we were little, other children offered candy, first telling us to "shut our eyes."

It is the consensus of masculine opinion that a man is apt to be happier with a woman intellectually his inferior. Disaster may result from marriage with a silly woman, but some of the best wives are women of no particular mental endowment, whose placid good nature and common sense are the best buffer an intellectual man can place between himself and the small worries of life.

Whether a man should take a luxuriously bred girl from the country to a \$35 flat in New York depends on the sense of the girl. Most girls from the country who have been here a month become so violently afflicted with "New Yorkitis" that they declare they would rather live in a barrel under the Bridge in New York than in a palace elsewhere.

Solomon solved this problem when he wrote: "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is than a stalled ox with hatred therewith."

Of course, a stalled ox and all it stands for does not necessarily induce hatred, but in our matrimonial progress we don't usually attain to stalled-ox diet till we have reached likewise a state of stolid indifference that, in marriage, is more hopeless than hatred.

It is better to give your wife \$50 than to accept \$500 from her. Not that it hurts the woman's love to give, for giving is the fulfillment of her nature, but that it injures the man's character to receive. Husbands of rich wives will not believe this, but their wives all know it.

Said on the Side.

EXPERT swimmer drowns at Rockaway. Clergyman teaching a young girl to swim drowns. Two New Yorkers drown in Maine by upsetting of canoe, guide, who was saved, being the only one of the party who could not swim. Little learning a dangerous thing in most cases, but in swimming it seems to be that the danger lies in knowing too much.

"Young player vanquishes veteran at tennis." Getting to be an old story, particularly in golf, in which older players begin to complain of the kindergarten development of the links.

Four-foot dwarf in an east side encounter knocks out giant six feet three in his stockings first. Little man may have been a close reader of Eastern war news.

Staten Island schoolgirl amazes all by her athletic feats. What woman's college will bid highest for her—Vassar for its track team, Wellesley for its crew or Smith for basketball?

Man in doubt as to how to spell chauffeur, and having no dictionary handy turned to first page of his newspaper and found it there—naturally.

A new child every year in American families, as recommended by Dowry, would bring the ghost of Malthus back to earth with a warning to which there would be some basis of credibility.

Note that it was a "sparrow cop" who threatened to arrest Aeronaut Knabenshue when his airship descended in Central Park. Evidently not familiar with that kind of bird.

The women of Japan, defying custom, parade in honor of Miss Alice Roosevelt. The women of China reported the other day as taking a prominent part in the boycott of American goods. If the "new woman" is coming to the front in the Orient also, the "yellow peril" will have a real seriousness.

Pointed Paragraphs.

TOO often the board of directors fails to direct.

A pretty girl is one who is handsome and doesn't know it.

All women like good things—and most men come under that head.

Though the moon looks big when it is full, it is different with a man.

Many a reigning society belle doesn't know enough to go in when it rains.

Occasionally a man sheds tears at the loss of his wife's pug dog—but they are tears of joy.

Where there are two rivals for a woman's hand one of them is apt to win by losing.

While it is possible for a man to love his neighbor as himself, it depends a good deal upon the age and sex of the neighbor afforded.—Chicago News.

MY LOVE AFFAIR, The Story of a Young Girl's Heart. By SOPHIE WITTE, SISTER OF THE RUSSIAN PEACE ENVOY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN BY HERMAN BERNSTEIN (Copyrighted.)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTER. Maria Sergeyevna, a Russian girl, staying at Carlsbad with her sister and brother-in-law, was attracted to a distinguished looking man. The attraction between them is evidently mutual and they make every effort to become acquainted with each other.

CHAPTER II. On the Mountain.

July 25. HE was away for a short time, and now he is back. He went away alone, and has returned with a lady—evidently his wife. I met them on the way from the depot in a carriage, loaded with satchels, boxes and all sorts of bundles.

I do not know whether she is young and beautiful or not—I was unable to see her face through the heavy green veil, but I noticed her hat—it is old-fashioned.

July 26. They are undoubtedly husband and wife; they walk arm in arm and seem to be on familiar terms with each other. When I met them at the entrance of the florist's store I heard him say to her: "Look!" and she looked at me with curiosity and, I think, even with fright. It would be interesting to know what he said to his wife about me. Was it perhaps to rouse her jealousy? He must have told her about my carnation, but kept silent about his I am sure.

I'll never forgive myself for not having thrown his bouquet to him out of the window, now it is too late—the flowers are withered.

July 28. To-morrow—the grand jour: I am to attack Leonov.

Yegor Ilyich, desiring to cause me disagreement, invited Leonov to the concert to-morrow at "Selden's" where we have returned on Wednesday a separate table on the veranda near the orchestra.

July 29. Such things happen only with me and

in German novels.

That Leonov, Yegor Ilyich's countryman, that the rural beauty should be no one else than our well-known painter, empty-headed as he is, is this natural?

I cannot as yet come to myself for amazement, and at the concert when Yegor Ilyich introduced Leonov to me I was so embarrassed that I did not know what to say. When he remarked, "I have been looking for some time for an opportunity to make your acquaintance," I muttered confusedly: "So have I."

So Katya assures me, but Katya also bumbled. Leonov, too, was evidently confused by our embarrassment. But, then, I do not yet know him at all. Perhaps he is always so silent and absent-minded.

July 30. What a queer man he is! Why did he blush when I asked him where his wife was—and then asked me abruptly, "Which wife?" Is there anything offensive in the fact that I mistook his sister for his wife?

And then, why did he suddenly ask me: "Is it true, Maria Sergeyevna, that you are engaged to Andrey Ilyich?" First of all what had he to do with my relations to Yegor's brother Andruska; and secondly, how does he come to know of the existence of such relations? Is it possible that Yegor Ilyich has already guessed? I should like to know just what he told him. He must have told him that I am head over ears in love, for when I told Leonov that I cannot be engaged to Andrey Ilyich for the simple reason that the law forbids his sister to marry two sisters, he said thoughtfully and significantly: "Love is stronger than the law."

July 31. Leonov introduced me to his sister. She came here for a few days from Russia, to her brother's village, where she usually stays all the year round. Her name is Ludmila. She is unmarried, but no longer young.



While walking in the park, I stopped near the lawn in front of Cafe "Postoi." It was my intention to sit down and gaze at the passing vehicles, but I changed my mind as soon as I noticed the Leonovs. I recognized them from afar—Leonov, by his gray costume and soft gray hat; his sister—by her black dress and green veil.

At last I could restrain myself no longer, and I yawned loud, opening wide my big mouth.

The Leonovs looked at me simultaneously. Her face mirrored astonishment, and in his eyes there was a sarcastic smile.

I became confused, and when Leonov

followed up his sarcastic look with an ironic question, "Do you love the country?" I muttered, faltering: "Oh, no! that is, yes . . . Why not? I think I love it . . . I don't know."

He interrupted me, with a condescending smile: "Where there is doubt there is no love."

At this point our conversation took quite another and a more interesting turn. "And you?" I asked, after some hesitation. "I love my sister."

after my slight confusion.

"Always," he replied without hesitation. "What do you love, for instance?"

"Everything beautiful; music, art, nature . . ."

"And I love nothing!" I blurted out involuntarily, but sincerely.

"And nobody?" he interposed quickly. I said nothing in reply.

"And you?" I asked, after some hesitation. "I love my sister."

"And no one else?"

He stared at me for several moments,

as if trying to guess the hidden meaning of my rash words.

"Nobody," he suddenly replied, firmly; then, lowering his voice, he added with an air of importance: "As yet . . ."

"And you have never loved any one?"

"I don't know . . ."

Forcing myself to laugh, I repeated his words: "Where there is doubt there is no love."

He also laughed forcedly and changed the subject of our conversation abruptly—he began to speak about the weather.

Aug. 1. After dinner we all went to drink tea in "Kaiser Park."

When we were about to start, Katya suggested that we return to town over the mountains.

And Yegor Ilyich went home with Ludmila through the park, while we climbed the mountains.

Katya was slackening her pace little by little, so that she soon remained behind, hidden from sight by the hazel bushes.

"Let us go up a little higher," suggested Leonov, "perhaps we may find a bench there, or at least a stump of a tree, on which we can take a rest."

But as I did not stir from my place, he added, with a teasing look in his eyes: "It seems to me that you are afraid to remain with me alone."

"Whom can I fear, being with you?" asked I irresolutely, to which he replied immediately: "With me—you can be afraid of me only."

I felt like disconcerting him for such a mischievous joke.

"You are also a good deal self-conceited in considering yourself so dangerous."

He interrupted me: "Well, prove that you are not afraid of me."

I turned silently and walked up with rapid strides, as though I did not hear Leonov's teasing remark.

"But aren't you brave?" Leonov heard and, long and sigh, and stretching himself lazily, rose to his feet.

"Are you ready?"

"I am perfectly rested," he replied cheerfully. "I am just now ready to

rise with you, if not to the clouds, at least to the 'Heaven-on-Earth,' as the Germans call one of the tops of these mountains. But I am afraid, Maria Sergeyevna, that in spite of all your bravery, you will not venture to do such a risky thing."

"You see, in this case there would be no risk for me, Yury Vasilyevich, but it would be quite risky for you. My heart is sound—it is hard to make it beat."

"Would it be hard even for Andrey Ilyich?" he asked, gazing at me with a searching look.

This unexpected question took me unawares. I cast down my eyes and kept silent.

He was evidently disgusted with my dulness of comprehension.

"Thus we sat there in silence for some time. I began to feel rather uncomfortable. To occupy myself with something, I mechanically tore off a bunch of sorbs from a bush near by and began to pick the berries. Leonov first looked distractedly at the round red berries, which fell noiselessly from my hands to his feet; then he began to arrange them carefully with his twigs.

Little by little a large question mark made of red dots, which looked like big drops of blood, appeared on the brown ground. Katya's arrival interrupted Leonov, so that the period was missing from under his mute question.

"At last you are here!" I cried. "How does it look? You have made us wait for you about an hour!"

"Mercy! she replied with a grimace, bowing to me ceremoniously. Like a school-girl, she said to my husband, in my absence, the few minutes which I needed in order to smoke a couple of cigarettes, seemed to you as an hour."

"Do you smoke?" asked Leonov, with an air of fastidious amazement. "Yes," Katya pressed her finger mysteriously to her mischievously smiling lips. "It is a secret. My husband has forbidden me to smoke under the penalty of a severe punishment."

"Your husband is right! I would not permit my wife to smoke, either."

"Ah, what a disappointment!" said Katya, having a loud sigh. "A disappointment? . . . For whom?"

She did not reply at once. She first looked at me askance, then she carefully looked at Leonov and, finally, she plaintively whined in the tone of an oppressed woman, making a grimace and pointing to her breast: "For me, Monsieur."

If Leonov did not guess at that moment that I also smoked, then he is extremely stupid.

(To be continued.)